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& BYSTANDER

MAY 29, 1957

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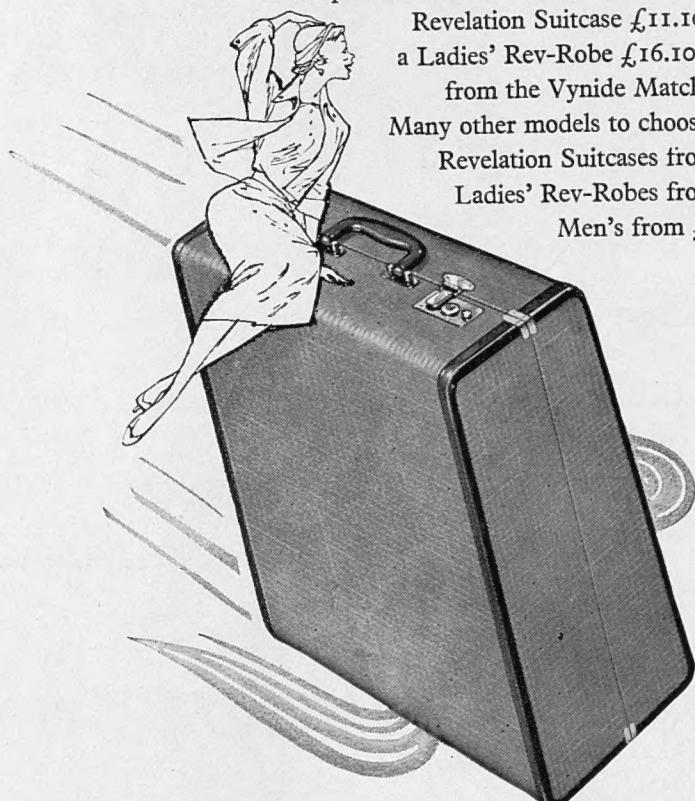
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THIS PAINTING of H.R.H. Prince Philip by Pietro Annigoni was commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers to be a companion to that of H.M. the Queen. The Duke is portrayed wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet beneath the dark green and blue robes of the Order of the Thistle, Scotland's ancient order of chivalry. This is one of the most discussed paintings in the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 29 to June 5

May 29 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit Cambridge.

Bath and West and Southern Counties Show (to June 1), Swindon.

Cricket: M.C.C. v. Club Cricket Conference (two days), at Lord's.

First night: *Richard III* at the Old Vic.

Dance: Mrs. Christopher Kevill-Davies for Miss Anne Kevill-Davies at 6 Belgrave Square.

Masked Ball in aid of the British Cancer Campaign at the May Fair Hotel.

Racing at Catterick Bridge, Lincoln and Windsor.

May 30 (Thurs.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the festival service for Friends of St. Paul's at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Cricket: First Test Match: England v. West Indies (and 31st, June 1st, 3rd and 4th), Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Warwick Festival (to June 2nd), at Warwick.

Dances: Mrs. George Errington, Mrs. J. H. Hirsch and Mrs. L. I. T. Whitaker for Miss Daphne Errington, Miss Joanna Hirsch and Miss Susan Whitaker at 6 Belgrave Square; Mrs. Bernard Sunley for Miss Bella Sunley at Claridge's.

Anglo-German Association Dance at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Windsor and Lincoln.

May 31 (Fri.) Dinner: The Foreign Secretary will attend the annual dinner of the United Nations Association, Mansion House.

Dances: May Ball, Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames; Keble College, Oxford, Summer Ball. Pembroke College, Oxford, Eights Week dance.

Racing at Sandown Park, Bognor and Thirsk.

June 1 (Sat.) Cricket: Eton Ramblers v. Hurlingham (two days), at Hurlingham Club.

Dinner-Dance at Hurlingham Club.

Racing at Sandown Park, Thirsk, Nottingham and Bognor.

June 2 (Sun.) Elgar Centenary Commemoration Service at Worcester.

Polo at Windsor and Cowdray.

June 3 (Mon.) Royal Society of British Artists Summer Exhibition (to 29th, provisional date), R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street.

International T.T. Motor Cycle Races (and 5th, 7th), Isle of Man.

Croquet: Gold Caskets (to 8th), at Hurlingham.

Dance: Lady Moyne for the Hon. Rosaleen Guinness, in London.

Racing at Lewes and Nottingham.

June 4 (Tues.) Prince Philip will preside at the English Speaking Union of the Commonwealth Dinner at the Dorchester in honour of the United States Ambassador and the retiring Secretary-General of N.A.T.O., Lord Ismay.

Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton.

Racing at Epsom.

June 5 (Wed.) Royal Tournament (to 22nd), Earls Court. First Night: *Dear Delinquent*, at the Westminster Theatre.

Dance: Lady Arbutnott Lane and Mrs. Eric Cuddon for Miss Susan Arbutnott Lane and Miss Deirdre Cuddon at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Epsom (The Derby).



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Clayton Evans

A Chelsea mother and daughter

MRS. CHRISTOPHER MURRAY is seen with her daughter, Lucinda, who will be two years old in June, at their home in Jubilee Place, Chelsea. Mrs. Murray was formerly Miss Laura Stutchbury, daughter of the late

Mr. Mervyn Stutchbury, and of Mrs. Stutchbury of Friston, Sussex. She married Mr. Murray, who is managing director of a prominent advertising agency, in 1954. They also have a house in Barbados, British West Indies



Desmond O'Neill

DEBUTANTE DANCE AT HURLINGHAM

A GAY dance took place at the Hurlingham Club when the Hon. Mrs. Peter Carlisle and Mrs. Robert Ropner gave a party to more than 300 guests for their daughters, Miss Mary Hays and Miss Christabel Carlisle (above)

Mr. Alan Morris with Miss Jacqueline Ansley at the buffet



Miss Virginia Makins with Mr. Nigel Daw



Miss Gillian Clark was here with Mr. M. Gilson

Miss Deirdre Senior and Mr. David Pitman





Lady Elizabeth Stopford and Mr. W.
Shand-Kydd



Mr. Michael Grylls was with Miss
Sarah Clifford-Turner

Miss Anna Milne with Mr. Sam
Inglefield

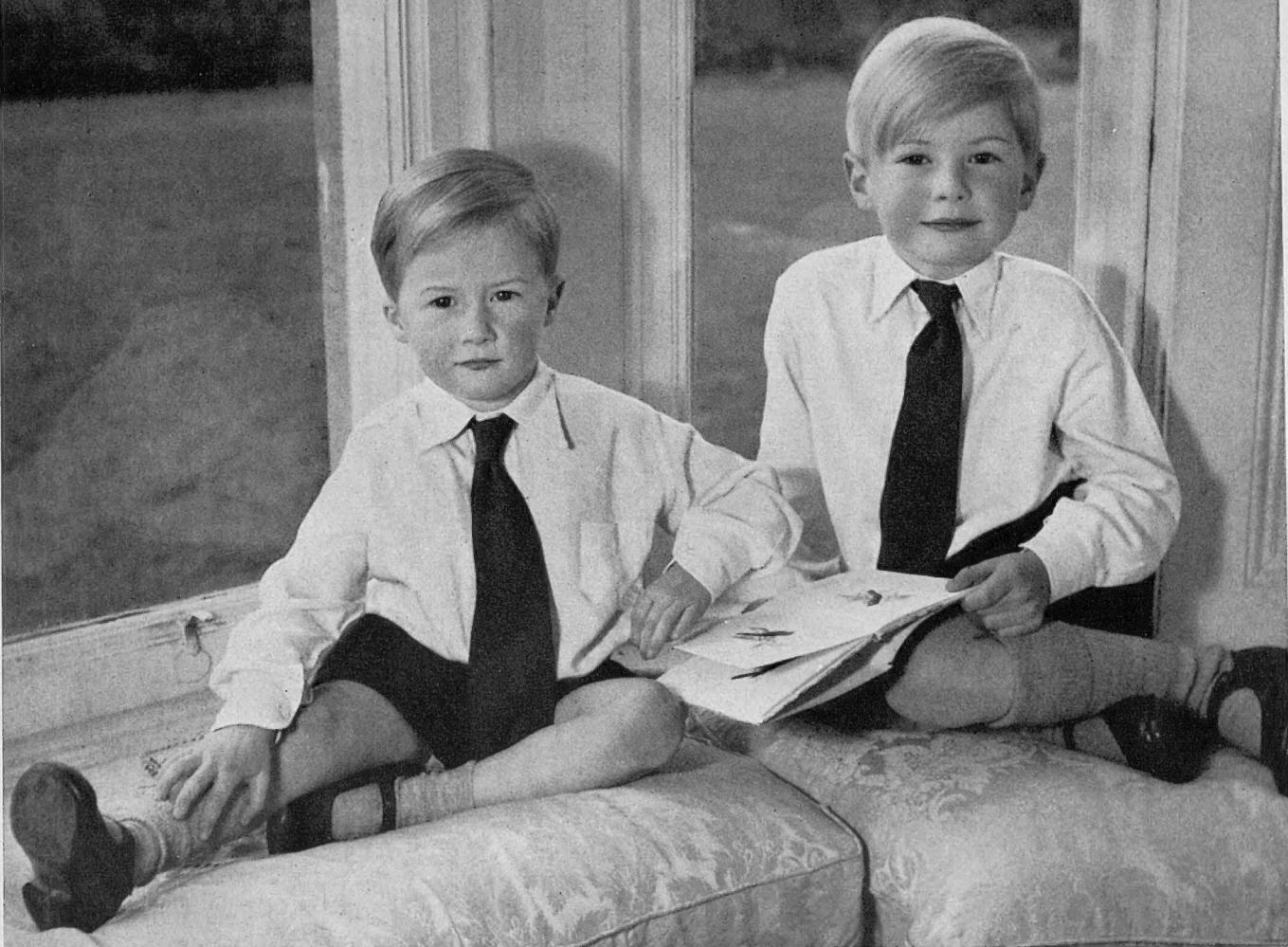


Miss Lucinda Hanbury, Mr. I. H. Stewart-
Brown, Mr. J. Nicholson and Miss J. Seed

Miss Annabel Ley and Mr. Peter
Hill-Wood

Mr. Peter Garlick with Miss Daphne
Fairbanks





Godfrey Cade

PONSONBY BROTHERS

HENRY AND TOM are the elder children of Major and Mrs. G. T. Ponsonby, of Kilcooley Abbey, Thurles, Co. Tipperary; they have, too, a younger brother

Social Journal

Jennifer

A FLOWER-CASCADE BALL

IT is the hope of every hostess giving a ball that her guests will not only enjoy themselves, but also that they will, for many years, cherish happy memories of a perfect evening. I am certain that guests of every age really did enjoy, and will never forget, the lovely ball that Mrs. Neil McLean gave recently at the Dorchester for her débutante twin daughters, Miss Marina and Miss Tessa Kennedy, two attractive and enchanting girls who looked radiant—Marina wearing a dress of palest pink organza, and Tessa in white with a very full skirt of ruched nylon net.

They stood beside their very beautiful mother, who wore superb pearls, clipped with diamond motifs, and chandelier diamond ear-rings with a lovely dress of pale shocking pink brocade, patterned with a white flower, to receive their guests. Two very large vases of white flowers, both cleverly lit against a dark background, were arranged in the receiving foyer, and when guests went on into the circular gold room they were full of admiration for the ceiling-high pyramids of shaded pink flowers, many sweet-scented, which were on pedestals all round the room, making the most exquisite picture. All the flowers had been arranged by Lady Rose Maclare, who has recently gone in for floral decoration.

THE ballroom of the Dorchester was transformed, too, as elsewhere with quiet dignity. It had all been carried out by two extremely clever young interior decorators, Tom Parr and David Hicks, who work in Lowndes Street. They had transformed it into a Yugoslavian classical garden, superbly lit, creating the most becoming setting for all the lovely women and young girls, in their prettiest dresses. The mirrored walls of the ballroom were entirely covered with gathered white muslin; against this were placed clipped yew obelisks and arcades through which could be seen moonlit landscapes (these were in fact enlarged drawings by Robert Adam).

At one end of the ballroom, double flights of stone steps with balustrades led to a terrace about four feet above the level of the ball-

room, where chairs and little tables were arranged as they were at the opposite end of the dance floor. Between the steps was a pool of water in which a six-foot fountain was playing; the water was lit with fluorescent moonlight. On one side of the ballroom the band played against a background of the ruins of the Temple of Diocletian. On the opposite side a yew walk cleverly designed, with a long vista and pebbled path, was lined with white statues.

In the crystal room a small night club which opened around midnight had been arranged to ease congestion on the main dance floor. Here the walls were hung with midnight blue material studded with white gardenias, whose fragrance filled the air, and dimly lit with the crystal wall lights. Nothing was ostentatious or lavish, as I said before. It was all done with a simple dignity seldom seen these days.

BEFORE the dance, Col. and Mrs. McLean had a dinner party in an adjacent private room for about 100 guests. These included Princess Alexandra of Kent, who looked most attractive in a long pale blue printed organza dress, her cousin Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia very pretty in yellow, and Prince Andrej of Yugoslavia. Marina Kennedy is a god-daughter of the Duchess of Kent, who could not be present as she is in mourning for her mother.

Many members of Mrs. McLean's family were present including her mother Mme. Melita Banac, a lovable character who always radiates happiness and looked very elegant in black velvet with a magnificent brooch and ear-rings and stayed until the ball ended in the not so early hours of the morning. Mme. Banac's charming sister Mme. Desanka Zivadinovic had come over from Yugoslavia, and also present were her sons, Mr. Vladimir Ivanovic and his wife, who had come over from America, and Mr. Vane Ivanovic and his lovely wife, who of course live in London. He had been a wonderful brother in helping his sister with all the details and arrangements of this ball, which was perfect in every way.

I also met their cousin Baron Paolo Langheim, who had come over from Rome for the occasion, and there were several relatives from Paris and other parts of Europe who had come to the twins' dance. Mrs.

Vane Ivanovic looked beautiful in a white and silver lace dress with an underskirt of pale blue, while Mrs. Vladimir looked exceptionally chic in Lanvin's pale pink petal dress with its detachable water lily cape.

As soon as the band began to play, guests filled the ballroom, either to dance, or sit and talk to friends at tables arranged at each end of the room. The lovely Princess Fawzia of Egypt and her husband sat for a short while talking to Mme. Banac, while the tall and elegant Princess of Berar, as always very chic and wearing superb jewels, was dancing with Mr. Whitney Straight who came with Lady Daphne Straight, who looked most attractive in beige lace. After dancing the first dance Princess Alexandra sat for a short while talking to M. and Mme. Alik Poklewska and their sons Vincent and Alex. Members of the Diplomatic Corps I saw dancing were the Swedish Ambassador and the Cuban Ambassador and their lovely wives, Mme. Hägglof and Mme. Gonzalez de Mendoza, both wearing exquisite dresses, the Duchess of Argyll, very beautiful in pale lavender, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford who were dancing together, the Duke of Rutland, and Lady Moira Hamilton who came with Princess Alexandra.

OTHERS there were Lord and Lady Hillingdon, Lord and Lady St. Oswald, the latter wearing a full skirted-beaded white satin dress, trimmed with a narrow band of white mink at the top of the bodice, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava in an aquamarine blue satin crinoline dancing with her husband Judge Maude, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, Countess Jellicoe, Mary Lady Delamere and her younger son Mr. Noel Cunningham-Reid who was just off to motor race in Belgium and at Le Mans, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., the tall good-looking Countess of Eldon, the Earl of Granville, Viscount and Viscountess Brooke, the latter in a blue and white taffeta dress, vivacious and gay Mme. Zulfiqar, Lady Sudeley, Mr. John Ambler, Mr. and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn, who gave a dinner party for the dance, and Lord Kinross dancing energetically.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge I saw dancing together, as were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Lord and Lady Melchett, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, and Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam. Col. McLean was busy helping his wife look after their guests, and fellow members of Parliament who came on after the House had risen included all the eight Suez rebels, among them Viscount Hanningbrooke, Mr. Anthony Feil, Mr. Patrick Maitland and their wives. Other M.P.s present were Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Brig. Fitzroy Maclean, the Hon. George Ward, Sir Edward Boyle, Mr. Maurice Macmillan with his wife, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Julian Amery whom I saw with his wife talking to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler, and Sir "Chips" Channon, whose son Paul was one of the many young people present.

Although I have mentioned many of the older guests, there was a great number of young ones present, all very thrilled with the charm of this memorable evening. Among them I saw Viscount Polington, Mr. Nicholas Eden, Miss Julia Williamson, two attractive American twins Miss Sally and Miss Carroll Willim, from New York, who were having a tremendous success, the Hon. Mark Fitzalan Howard, the Hon. Simon Maxwell, Mr. John Bardsley, Miss Venetia Flower, Miss Henrietta Tiarks, Mr. Tim Berington, Miss Sarah Legard, and Miss Francesca Roberti, whose mother, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, was also present.

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BEFORE I dined with Col. and Mrs. McLean for their dance, I went to a delightful small cocktail party given by Mrs. Frederick Sigrist in the Oliver Messel Suite of the Dorchester, where she has been quietly spending the month of May. Mrs. Sigrist's husband died last autumn in Nassau, where they have a beautiful home, and her many friends have been glad to see her over here on her way to the South of France, where she has rented a friend's villa for four months.

Among friends at this little party were the Marchioness of Huntly, talking to the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe (his father Lord Iliffe, who celebrated his eightieth birthday the next day, had just returned from a world tour) and Sir Roland and Lady Robinson, who have a house quite near Mrs. Sigrist's home in Nassau and will shortly be joined by their attractive daughter Loretta who has been at college in America and is making her début this year. Lady Robinson is giving a coming-out dance for her at their home in Carlton House Terrace in July. Lord Ennisdale was deep in conversation with Vera Lady Broughton and I met Lady Kent, Sir Miles and Lady Thomas, Air Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Lady (Horace) Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel, Comtesse Fregoniére, the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Butler, and Mrs. Garland. Lord and Lady Barnby came in early as did the Earl of Dundonald, Sir Bede and Lady Clifford and Baron and Baroness Livonius.

Continued overleaf



Michael Dunne

MISS SHIRLEY WORTHINGTON, daughter of Mrs. J. R. Worthington and of the late Mr. J. R. Worthington, is to marry Mr. Anthony Royle, only son of Sir Lancelot Royle, K.B.E., and Lady Royle of Prince Albert Road, N.W.1. Their wedding will take place tomorrow at the Grosvenor Chapel, and the reception will be held at 45 Park Lane



Clayton Evans

MRS. ARTHUR BAGNELL seen with her small son James, who is ten months old, at their home in Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. Formerly Miss Jean Tyre, Mrs. Bagnell was married at Lincoln's Inn Chapel in April, 1955

THE Hon. Mrs. James Philipps gave a very enjoyable coming-out dance for her débutante daughter Miss Daphne Philipps at the Hyde Park Hotel. Daphne, who is already one of the most popular among this season's débutantes, is an attractive girl with quiet charm. Wearing a lovely pink evening dress, she stood receiving the guests with her parents for over an hour. Then before dancing herself she went through to the ballroom and sitting-out rooms to see that her young friends were all enjoying themselves.

Among the large number of young people I saw dancing here were Miss Daphne Fairbanks, looking very chic in a striking pink dress, Miss Julia Williamson, very attractive and as always very soignée and well turned out, this time in a cream coloured dress, and Miss Sarah Barford, also very chic and soignée in a white organza and pale blue satin crinoline. Other débutantes I noticed were Miss Alison Geddes, radiating enjoyment, in green, and Miss Christabel Carlisle dancing with Mr. John Kemp-Welch—she had had her own coming-out dance at Hurlingham the previous night, which many young friends told me was also tremendous fun.

MISS VIRGINIA MAKINS came with Sir Roger and Lady Makins who brought on their dinner party. Miss Patricia Huth, looking very tanned after her visit to Gibraltar was there, also Miss Victoria Porter very attractive in a pastel shade, Miss Jacqueline Ansley, Miss Susan Shafte in red, Miss Virginia Capel Cure, Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Sheila Fordyce, gay and vivacious in a pale lilac organza dress trimmed with a spray of lilac, and Lady Elizabeth Stopford with her elder sister Mary. Several other older girls were at the ball including Miss Gay Lawson and Lady Mary Maitland, who both came out last year.

The Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Mr. Arthur Johnston, Mr. Jeremy Thornton, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, and Mr. Malcolm Burr were among a very large number of young men guests. Daphne's grandmothers Lady Milford and the Dowager Lady Kindersley, who were present, had a succession of friends around, wanting to talk to them, and also there were Lord and Lady Kindersley, the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley, the latter looking very pretty in blue, the Hon. Mrs. Fordyce, Mr. and Mrs. Vian, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Geddes, Countess Howe escorted by Mr. Edward Voules, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth and Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Capel Cure.

MRS. REDMOND MCGRATH gave a very cheerful and enjoyable cocktail party for her débutante daughter Miss Sally Bealey, a most attractive girl who is having her coming-out dance in the autumn. Sally's godmother, Mrs. Everard Gates, very kindly lent her lovely flat in Grosvenor Square for the party, at which there were also a few older friends, among them the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Col. and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley, Mrs. Edith Munro Kerr, Col. and Mrs. Kingsmill, and Major Wigggin. Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates and her son Mr. Christopher Wells of course were there, and helping Mrs. McGrath to look after her guests. Mrs. McGrath's son Mr. Shaun Bealey and his fiancée Miss Anne Conworth-Fish were also present.

At one moment there appeared a surplus of young men, then things livened up a little with the arrival of a bevy of pretty girls already changed into evening dress for a private dance later that evening. Among the young guests were Miss Jennifer Nelson and Miss Karol Prior-Palmer, who shared their coming-out dance in the country a few nights later, Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, Miss Victoria Trubshaw, an extremely attractive girl, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Miss Gail Clyde, Miss Frances Sweeny, who was having a long talk to Mrs. Gates, and Miss Virginia Holcroft whose mother, Lady Holcroft, gave a very gay cocktail party for her in their Connaught Square home the week before. Virginia is having her coming-out dance in Shropshire in the autumn.

Others present included Miss Veronica Vernon, the Earl of Brecknock already changed into evening dress for a dinner party and dance, Mr. Richard Hawkins, Mr. Michael Dunkerley, Miss Merle Ropner, Lord Oxmantown, Mr. Brian McGrath, Miss Joanna Norton-Griffiths, Miss Sally Hunter, Mr. George Malcolmson and the Hon. Jeremy Monson just back from Cyprus and now stationed at Caterham.

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IT was so nice to see quite a lot of relations of both families, and friends who were not always parents of débutantes, at the joint dance which the Hon. Mrs. I. J. Pitman and Mrs. Gerald Walker gave for Miss Margaret Pitman, Mr. David Pitman, Miss Margaret Ann Walker and Mr. David Walker at the Hyde Park Hotel. The dance was a coming out one for the two girls, and to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their brothers, and it was a really joyous and happy evening. The lovely flowers which decorated all the rooms had, with the exception of the ballroom, all been arranged by Mrs. Walker's sister-in-law, Mrs. Chandos Pole, who was there with her husband, Col. Chandos Pole. Major and Mrs. J. B. Walker, two much beloved personalities in the racing world, were present, enjoying their grandson and grand-daughter's party. Other members of the family included Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Harford.

Among David and Margaret Pitman's relations, I met their uncle Lord Luke and the Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, and their very charming wives, their aunt the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, and the great-uncle Willie—Mr. William Lawson-Johnston, a great character who, when it turned midnight, was celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday. Also among the older guests were Lord Huntingfield in a very gay mood escorting Mrs. Ismay, Lord and Lady Remnant, Mrs. Warren Peacock who had a dinner party of fourteen for the dance, Brig. and Mrs. Ralph Younger, Lady Coryton, Lady McCorquodale and her very pretty younger daughter the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond-Moray, Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner, Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. B. Scott, who were among the large number of friends who gave dinner parties for the dance, the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, whose débutante daughter Lady Anne Savile is thoroughly enjoying her season, Major and Mrs. Peter Flower just home from our Embassy in Athens, who brought their débutante daughter Venetia, Major and Mrs. Peter Wigggin, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser, who brought a party including her attractive daughter Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, Col. and Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Brig. Tony Pepys, Col. and Mrs. Edward Studd, and Col. and Mrs. Basil Woodd. Both men were in the 14th/20th Hussars with David and Margaret Ann Walker's father, the late Major Gerald Walker, who was killed in the war.

IT was a happy thought to invite a few young marrieds, too. Among those dancing were Mr. and Mrs. Spencer le Marchant, Mr. Peter and Lady Zinnia Comins, Mr. and Mrs. David Coleridge, and Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Partridge, who gave a dinner party for the dance. It was an especially happy evening for John and Caroline Partridge, as they were celebrating the third anniversary of their wedding day, and Caroline looked enchanting wearing her wedding dress.

Among the many young people I saw dancing happily were Lord Farnham, Miss Philippa du Boulay, Mr. George Rivas, Miss Fiona Shefield, Lord James Crichton-Stuart, Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Francesca Roberti, and Miss Clarissa Caccia, a most attractive girl who is staying in London for the season with her cousin Mrs. Dundas, as her mother Lady Caccia has had to return to join Sir Harold Caccia at our Embassy in Washington.

Also there were Miss Anne Brotherton, Miss Maxine Scott, Miss Phillada Nunneley, Miss Serena Murray in blue, Miss Patricia Rawlings, vivacious and gay, Miss Rosemary Platt and Miss Serena Clark Hall,

who are sharing their coming-out dance in August at Rosemary's home near St. Boswells. As both their mothers live in Scotland and cannot be in London all the season, Rosemary is staying with Mrs. Schroder at her house in Chelsea Square, and Serena is staying for the season with Pamela Lady Glenconner at her home Hill Lodge, in Hillsleigh Road, W.8.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother will attend the Hertfordshire Festival of Youth at the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury's fine home Hatfield House, on Whit-Saturday, June 8. Hatfield is quite near London and easy to get to by train or bus. The proceeds of the Festival will go to the Hatfield Youth Centre—an exceptionally enterprising and go-ahead community of young people who thoroughly deserve support, and the Hertfordshire Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. There will be a number of stalls, a fun fair, and a "stars' parlour," which many famous stars have promised to attend. Also there will be a flower show and exhibition, a horse show and gymkhana, and a veteran car rally. In the evening there is to be a barbecue and dance, so that there really will be entertainment for everyone.

★ ★ ★

FROM the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the chairman, I hear that plans are going ahead well for the Lace Ball to be held at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on June 14. The Countess of Minto is President of the ball committee and the Countess of Mar and Kellie and Mrs. J. B. T. Loudon the joint deputy-chairmen. It is being organized on behalf of the Scottish Children's League. The Federation of Lace and Embroidery Employers' Association is supporting the ball, at which there is to be a small exhibition of rare and beautiful old lace. Some of the pieces for this have been graciously lent by the Queen Mother, and from historic houses of Scotland. Many valuable gifts of lace have been donated as prizes.

Tickets for the ball may be had from the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Gifford, East Lothian.

★ ★ ★

IN the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, Lord and Lady Baillieu received the guests at a reception at the English-Speaking Union with their guests of honour, Viscount Hailsham, Q.C., the Minister of Education, and Countess Hailsham. Viscount Hailsham recently led the United Kingdom Goodwill Mission to the opening of the Jamestown (Virginia) Festival, and most of the other members of the mission were at the reception. Lord Baillieu later made a short speech and was followed by Lord Hailsham, who never fails to be interesting and amusing, and this occasion was no exception. Listening to him I saw the Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. Stirling, Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, Robert and Lady Mayer, Mrs. Thompson-Schwab, chairman of American Women's Club, with her husband, and that very attractive charming American Mrs. Rex Benson, who had been spending the weekend at their lovely home in Sussex.

★ ★ ★



The Household Brigade Polo Club's matches on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, are very popular attractions throughout the summer. After a recent match, Col. H. P. Guinness (above) received the Victoria Cup, which was won by his team Windsor Park, from Brig. and Mrs. Jack Gannon



Miss Janet Illingworth and Miss Adele Wynne-Williams

Miss Serena Clark-Hall and Mrs. R. I. Ferguson



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. E. Lalor with Col. W. H. Whitbread

Capt. R. I. Ferguson and Mrs. H. P. Guinness



Lord and Lady Chesham with their children the Hon. John Cavendish, the Hon. Georgina Cavendish and the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish



Miss Virginia Nicholson and Irish Fashion won the Novice Hack Class



Miss Mona Falloon holding Platinum Bell, best pony in a class



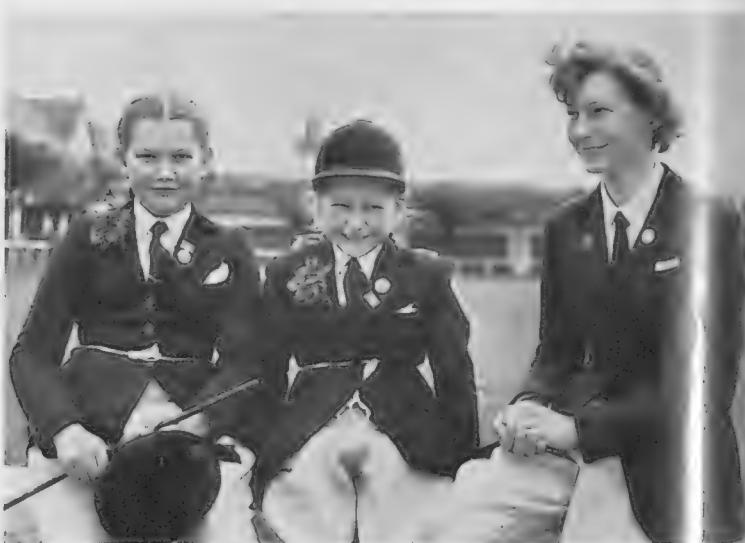
Miss Vera Carroll riding Shadow won the championship of the show

THE DUBLIN SPRING SHOW

THE DUBLIN SPRING SHOW, held at Ballsbridge this month, was exceptionally well attended by visitors who came from all over Eire and the British Isles; the equestrian events were, as usual, extremely popular



Mr. Jimmy McCullie riding Happy clears the poles in a jumping competition



The Misses Elizabeth, Janet and Ann Hodgson, three competitors from South Staffordshire



The Countess of Leitrim, of Milroy, Co. Donegal, with her granddaughter Miss Clare Borrett



Miss Rosita Seldon-Truss won the Novice Hack Class for riding ponies with Giuditta

C. C. Fennell

GOLF IN DORSET

THE DORSET Ladies' County Golf Championships took place at Broadstone recently. Right: the winner, Miss Jean Alexander (Carne Down G.C.), putting in her semi-final match against Miss C. Banister (Ferndown)

Miss Alexander receiving the cup from Mr. B. S. Bisgood, Dorset L.G.U. President



Mrs. Clegg, Mr. Peter Courtenay, Mrs. J. Cooper, and Lt.-Col. H. E. Scott



Victor Yorke

Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. J. Hinton, Mrs. K. Small, Mrs. R. Davies and Mrs. M. Spence awaiting their turn at the first tee



Mrs. C. Hill (County Secretary) with Mrs. H. E. Cook and Mrs. F. J. Stainforth



Right: This mark from a cup and cover by Pierre Plateau (1705), a Huguenot craftsman, shows the eighteenth-century figure of Britannia



THE HALL-MARK ON YOUR SILVER

ERNLE BRADFORD describes the history of the intricate marking of British silver from its earliest days

OVER six hundred years ago, in Edward I's reign, it was ordained by statute that all silverware made in this country should be of the same standard, or better, than the coin of the realm. As proof of this quality the silver was to be marked with a stamp or hall-mark.

Today our coinage is no criterion, for it is debased, but the quality of the silver plate made in England has not changed since the practice of hall-marking was first established in 1300. If you look at the body of any piece of silver you will find stamped upon it somewhere or other a series of marks. One of these is likely to be a leopard's—sometimes erroneously called a lion's—head. This was the first of all the hall-marks.

The leopard's head denoted in the past, as it still does today, that the article in question comes up to the standard of silver prescribed by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths in London. The leopard's head is the "hall-mark" of London, where by far the greater percentage of all silver manufactured in Britain is still assayed.

The standard of sterling silver, except for a brief period between 1697 and 1720, has always been 92.5 per cent of pure silver. The remaining 7.5 per cent consists of alloys used to render the metal slightly harder so that it can be worked more efficiently. The guarantee that your silver is true sterling, assayed in London, is that leopard's head.

THERE is another animal also stamped on silver. This is, in the language of heraldry, a "lion passant". This is a mark which was adopted by the London Goldsmiths in 1545 to be stamped on all silver that came up to sterling standard. The leopard's head remained the hall (or city) mark of London itself, but the "lion passant" was ordained to be used on all silver that conformed to standard, whether it was assayed in London or at one of the provincial assay offices. There are five provincial assay offices still in operation today: Birmingham, whose hall-mark is an anchor; Sheffield, a crown; Chester, a sword between three wheatsheaves; Edinburgh, a castle with three towers; and Glasgow—with one of the most attractive hall-marks—a tree with a bird on top, a bell suspended in one of the boughs, and a fish laid across the tree trunk. On Scottish silver incidentally, the *lion passant*—the guarantee of its sterling standard—has become a *lion rampant*. Its significance is exactly the same.

BEFORE considering any of the other marks stamped on silver, what exactly is meant by a piece of silver being "assayed"? Let us suppose that a silversmith has just made a teapot. It leaves his hands, complete except for its final polishing, and is handed in to the assay office to wait its turn with other newly made silver. The assayer, when he comes to the teapot, takes a small scraping from every separate piece of the article—not the body alone, but from the handle, in this case, and also the lid. These minute and separate scrapings are then subjected to a chemical analysis to determine whether they are up to standard. If they pass this test the teapot is ready to be given the authentication of the hall-mark and the standard mark.

The four-foot-long sterling silver-gilt Mace of the South Australian House of Assembly (above) was designed and supplied by Garrard & Co. Ltd., Regent Street, and incorporates in its heraldic, royal and symbolic motifs the best features of traditional design and modern craftsmanship. This mace was presented by Lord Carrington in April this year. Right: The London hall-mark for the year 1953 carries traditional marks and the Coronation mark (far right)





Until the modern scientific testing system was evolved, gold and silver were subjected to what was known as the touchstone—a word, incidentally, that has come direct into the language from the “Mistery of Goldsmiths.” The metal to be “touched” was scratched across the stone, where it left its characteristic gold or silver mark. This was then compared with the mark left by a certified piece of precious metal. If they agreed, the piece was passed. If they failed to agree, the smith was liable (as he still is) to very severe penalties, quite apart from expulsion from the guild. Severe penalties in earlier times might mean an ear-cropping, or even Tyburn Tree.

FTER it has passed the assay our teapot goes to the punch room. At a selected place on the body the steel punch is now struck, leaving the impress of the standard mark, the *lion passant*. As well as the standard mark, the hall-mark (the leopard's head, if it is a London piece) is also struck in line with the standard. Two other marks are also struck on the teapot. One of these is self-explanatory—the maker's mark, which gives his own personal identification. The other is slightly more complicated, and is known as the date mark.

The date mark is a letter of the alphabet chosen to correspond with the year of manufacture, and is changed every year in May. In the days when gold and silver-smithing was really a “Mistery,” the secrets of the trade most carefully guarded, the idea of a letter rather than a straightforward general obviously appealed to the Wardens of the Company of Goldsmiths. The letter established the Company the year in which the piece was made, but being somewhat mysterious, put the company “one up,” as it were, on the public. Also, incidentally, it confused forgers or non-guild practitioners of the craft who were ignorant of the significance of the date letter.

IMITATIONS of the alphabet meant that the style of the date letter had to be changed periodically. Furthermore, the Company sometimes omitted one or two letters in a series in order to confuse the unwary. Dating a piece of antique silver is not quite as easy, then, as it might seem at first sight. Much exhaustive research, however, has been undertaken on the subject of English date letters, and nowadays one can safely say that the owner of any piece of antique silver can take it to a recognized authority and have its date exactly established—to the very year of manufacture. In this respect a collector of antique silver is in a happy position compared with his brother collector of furniture or porcelain.

The maker's mark is quite simple. In earlier years it was often a symbol of his name, or a device—rose, perhaps, or a fish, or flower. After 1739 it was laid down that the maker's mark must be the first letter of his Christian name and the first letter of his surname. Again, this has made it easier for collectors and antiquarians to determine from exactly which craftsman a piece of silver originated.

A standard mark to indicate that the silver is true sterling, a hall-mark to show the assay office, a maker's mark, and a date letter—silver in Britain has been more carefully protected than in any other country in the world.

SUCH an elaborate and expensive system may seem a little far-fetched to us today. We forget, I am afraid, that many of our ancestors were great rogues. The system was evolved to protect the buyer, and to protect the coin of the realm. Colley Cibber in *Love's Last Shift* gives us an idea of the conditions prevailing in his time, when he makes one of his characters say: “Virtue is as much debased as our money: and, in faith, *Dei Gratia* is as hard to be found in a girl of sixteen as round the brim of an old shilling!”

It was to obviate the criminal practice of clipping the edges of coins and then melting them into plate that, from 1679 to 1720, a higher standard for silver plate was imposed. Known as the Britannia standard, because of the figure of Britannia which was struck upon the plate of this period, it consisted of 95.84 per cent silver—slightly more than 3 per cent purer, and therefore softer, than the normal sterling standard.

Today, unfortunately, shortage of domestic servants has tended to mean that less silver is displayed on our tables than at any time in the country's history. This would be tragic if it should dim our memory of, or our regard for, one of the finest aspects of British craftsmanship—one that has been magnificently preserved by the practice of hall-marking, for over six hundred years.

Above, left: The mark is punched on, after scientific analysis has shown the piece is of the necessary metallurgical standard of purity. Above: Gold wedding rings in strip form are being marked by machine punch at Goldsmiths' Hall

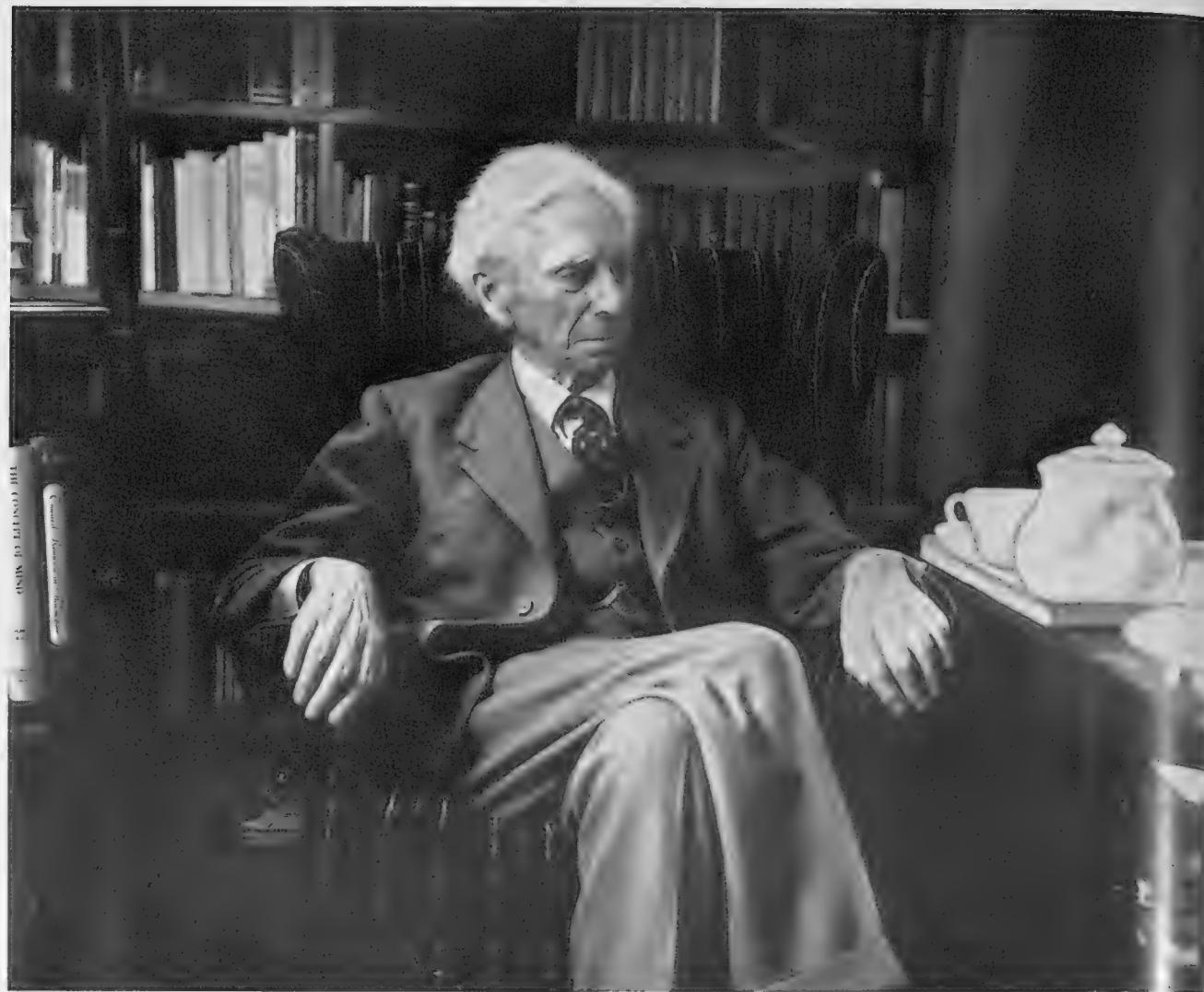


Above: One of the few recorded pieces bearing the four marks of the full hall-mark, made in the first year in which it was used, 1545. Below: Modern tobacco box designed by Eric G. Clements and made by Wakely & Wheeler, Ltd.



EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

THE RENOWNED philosopher, Bertrand Russell, O.M. (the third Earl Russell), recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday but is looking into the future with interest and making sharp prognostications. He now lives in Merionethshire



Allan G. Chappelow

Roundabout

Cyril Ra

LONDON HONOURS A VALIANT ENEMY

DOWN Bethnal Green way, I noticed recently, is a public house called The Van Tromp—presumably after the Dutch admiral who heaped such indignities upon Cromwell's Englishmen at sea. What magnanimity, to bestow that highest of English honours—his name on a public-house sign—upon an enemy, and a victorious enemy at that!

Other gallant adversaries have been held in high esteem, but I cannot recall any, other than this new discovery of mine, whose name swings above the saloon and the snug and the private bar. Certainly not Napoleon, or General Smuts—or even Bonnie Prince Charlie.

It may be, of course, that at least three centuries must elapse before hard feelings are entirely smoothed away, and hatchets completely buried. So perhaps our remote descendants, some time in the middle of the twenty-third century, will be standing their rounds in, say, The Rommel. Easy to pronounce, anyway, even after a round too many.

WHAT had taken me to these parts was the fulfilment of a long-standing promise to myself to visit the Bethnal Green Museum, a far-flung out-station of the Victoria and Albert, but noted chiefly for its toys and dolls' houses.

Sure enough, these were enchanting—to say nothing of a Noah's Ark with more animals than any Ark could ever have housed, and still floated—but what delighted me was an exhibit I hadn't expected to find there. Among the Victorian pictures is a water-colour by the Frenchman, Eugène Lami, who was so in love with the London of chignons and crinolines and horse-drawn carriages, and sketched it all so deftly.

The Lami picture here is of a hunt breakfast, with pin-coated, bewhiskered Victorian bucks lounging on the lawn in the sunshine of an autumn morning (it must have been a cubbing meet, I think), smoking their cigars, and with bottles of what must surely be hock in ice-pails at their elbows.

The men are so beefy that you can see their muscles bulging through broadcloth, buckskins and boots. Though how they grew so florid on hock-and-seltzer, where their Regency papas had guzzled port and swilled claret, has always been a mystery. The tight-waisted ladies, on the other hand, with their ringlets and their parasols, look delicate enough for a puff of the morning breeze to blow them away.

It sums up, in a way, one of the most firmly fixed notions of that mid-Victorian age—that women or, at any rate, "ladies" were frail, unearthly creatures, and men the coarsest and most self-satisfied of brutes.

Indeed, you can imagine that each of the hunting men here kept some Lucy Glitters (whom Surtees is said to have modelled on "Skittles," that most famous of all Victorian demi-mondaines) in a pretty little house in St. John's Wood.

It would be hard to blame them: the ladies on the lawn look the dreariest of company.

★ ★ ★

THERE are a number of good stories in Val Gielgud's book on *British Radio Drama*, which has just come out. Some date from the old Savoy Hill days when, for instance, it was decided that the redoubtable and legendary Dame Madge



"Tck ! Fish tomorrow, fish on Friday, fish on Saturday . . . "

Kendal should be invited to give tongue at the microphone. The then Director of Drama, who was very new in his job, and all too aware of the great actress's formidable reputation, both on and off the stage, called to make the request in person. Dame Madge lived in Portland Place in those days, which was more than the infant B.B.C. did, and it was there that the damp-palmed and highly nervous emissary was admitted to the Presence, where largesse, it would seem, took the form of tea and macaroons.

Dame Madge asked the Director why what she called "your organization" should wish her to appear for it, and he answered that it had been felt that it would be splendid if the B.B.C. were able to introduce "one of the few surviving artists of such standing and tradition as yours."

"One of the few!" exclaimed the fierce old lady: "Then I would suggest that you extend your invitation to the others!"

★ ★ ★

One of the most moving books about modern Italy is the Australian Morris West's *Children Of The Sun*, an impassioned plea for the urchins of the Naples slums—as one of its reviewers said, a book to shame those who, like myself, think of Naples and its bay and islands as a sun-drenched pleasure ground.

It has been unfortunate for Southern Italy, of course, that it is a land where poverty is picturesque. If only the vice and over-crowding and hunger and disease of the back streets of Naples appeared as squalid as they would seem to be in a colder climate and under a greyer sky, then more outcry would have been raised, and sooner.

But the ragged urchins look not so much pathetic as impudently charming; the tattered rags of washing, strung across those narrow alleys off the Via Roma, can seem to trippers to be the



BRIGGS

CONSOLATION

"And have you all you want?" my hostess said,
Surveying biscuit-tin, ashtrays, and books.
"I popped a 'hottie' in to warm the bed;
I put coat-hangers, and there are some hooks.
I'll bring you up a cup of tea at eight.
Sleep well. I'd no idea it was so late!"

All that I want? . . . I have no time, no mink,
No ticket for the Centre Court, no wit,
No looks, no modern chromium-plated sink,
No patience, and no high-heeled shoes that fit.
But there it is! So I turn out the light . . .
And there are always biscuits in the night.

—Margot Crosse

banners of romance; and the touts and spivs of the Galleria and the waterside restaurants are always ready to laugh and sing. It is a good thing that someone should have come, from outside Europe, to strip the mask from misery.

More fortunate parts of Italy can be just as picturesque, without the poverty, and at least as charming. I learned that in Elba, when it was less visited than it is now—and it is still far from overrun. The island was so well-to-do, through catching more fish than it could eat, and growing more wine than it could drink, that there was no need for any Elban to tout or beg, or chivvy tourists. Which meant, of course, that the tourists were spared both irritation and qualms of conscience.

I HAVE sat at a café table in Portoferaio, the island's busy little capital and port, and had to call the waiter back to be tipped. And when I presented a small gift to an Elban peasant who had done me some small service; his wife would waylay me with presents of fruit and honey, so that they should be quits.

But the Elbans are very much north-Italians. (Sometimes they affect not to be Italians at all, and call the mainland—only a dozen miles or so away—"the continent," and the mainlanders, "continentals.") Just as, to a Venetian, "Africa begins at the Po," so to an Elban it begins at Rome. I have seen a roughish-looking young sailor shooed away from the café I have mentioned, being accused and abused, indiscriminately, as "Sicilian!" "Neapolitan!" and "Bandit!"

The curse of the south, in Italy, is that it is poor, and therefore its people beg or steal, and are ragged. Because they beg or steal, and are ragged, the northerners despise them, and they will do nothing for people they despise. And so they remain poor, and beg or steal, and are ragged. Seldom are vicious circles both so vicious and so circular.

by Graham



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
MAY 29,
1957
470*



*Miss Susan Gladstone, Miss Mary Sales, Mr. Neil
Berry and Mr. Michael Kelham*

A UNIVERSITY BALL

THE JUNIOR Common Room of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, held their annual Summer Ball in the College recently. Above: Mr. J. W. Tourlamain, Miss Helen Lanyon, Ball Chairman, Miss Jennifer Bak and Mr. D. F. Owen

Mr. Brian Featherstone, Miss Mimi Khedouri, Miss Elizabeth Cook and Mr. Graham Colville-Tytler



Miss Mary Lodge, Mrs. Dale Vesser, Miss Janet Hill and Mr. Martin Spankie



*Van Hallan
Miss Charmain Walser, Lady Margaret Hall,
dancing with Mr. David Edward*



Mr. Keith Fisher and Miss Jill Latey, who is a debutante this year



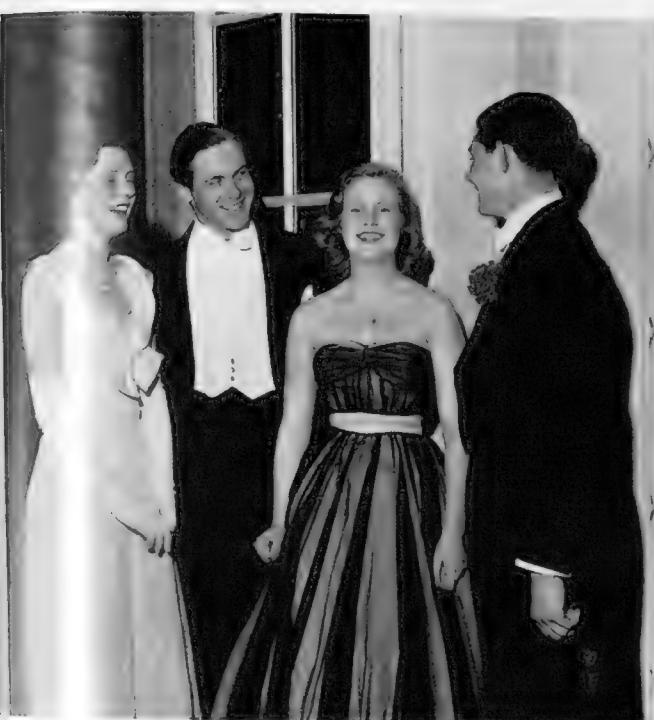
Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner dancing with the Hon. Tim Jessel



Miss Pamela Strickland-Skailles and Mr. Nicholas Gold

A DEBUTANTE DANCE

A DANCE was given by Mrs. I. J. Pitman and Mrs. Gerald Walker at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughters Miss Margaret Pitman and Miss Margaret Ann Walker (below), and their sons Mr. David Pitman and Mr. David Walker



Miss Phillada Nunneley, Mr. John Aylmer, Miss Merle Ropner and Mr. Mark Tress



A. V. Swaebe
Mr. Ian Gilroy, Miss Serena Murray, Miss Victoria Banbury, Miss Vivian Walker and Mr. Richard Cornwall-Legh



ON A ROYAL HOLIDAY

PRINCESS GRACE and Prince Rainier of Monaco are here seen walking in Portofino, on the Ligurian coast, where they stayed for a short while on their way home after paying a visit to Rome, Monte-Catino and Florence

Priscilla in Paris

FRANCE REMEMBERS HER BATTLES



WE were looking down at the Place de l'Etoile from a fifth floor balcony. Napoleon's grand triumphal arch remained as grand as ever, but the human ants that stirred about its base were eye-strainingly tiny. The eight-year-old daughter of the friends to whom belonged the balcony upon which, with bowed heads, we stood during an age-long minute of silence, nudged me. At the same moment the hum, muted by distance, that rose from the traffic below gave me permission to answer the child.

"*Et bien . . . ?*" I said encouragingly. "Which one is it?" she asked. "Which what?" I demanded and she expatiated: "Is it the one where *grandpère* was wounded, or the one where *petit-père* was taken prisoner . . . ?"

For one horrible instant my memory fumbled. . . . I could not remember a single date as the visions of other military pageants flashed before my eyes. The soul-stirring return of the troops to Brussels led by their King on horseback, one golden, autumn day. . . . The victory parade along the Paris boulevards under the ardent summer sun, the following July. . . . the great nondescript multitude, in civvies and uniforms, that flowed down the Champs-Elysées around, and at the heels of, an immensely tall and immensely awkward, beaming man whose French uniform carried five stars and on whom in her darkest hours France had centred what dreams remained to her.

A GAIN I looked down at the scene, far below, on the Place. . . . Tiny, civilian puppets stood before the dancing flame that burns above the Unknown Soldier's grave; the olive-green colour of General Schyler's new American uniform stood out against the dark overcoats of the political personages, and everything seemed somehow bureaucratic and melancholy. The day was cold and grey, cold enough to give me an excuse to shiver and grey enough to make me sad.

"Time for elevenses, pals!" the child's English-born mother cheerily cried. To my relief the young person was sent off to make herself useful and it became unnecessary for me to explain my lapse.

We did not go back to the balcony but, "elevensed" and warmed, we parked in front of the television cabinet and watched the troops march away down the avenue. The Marine Fusiliers so gay with their red pompons; the band of the *gardiens de la paix*

in its new caps and all! Very natty those caps; but someone ought to decide whether they are to be worn over the right or the left ear, or merely straight-centre. When the angle is left, as a personal matter, to the wearer—and this was certainly the case that morning—it gives a somewhat rakish air to the ensemble.

We also saw darling Papa Coty driving off, bareheaded, in an open car. We tried to remember whether he has ever been seen wearing a hat. The answer was "Never," and somebody added: "Bless him, the pet!" France has a real THING about *Monsieur le President* and the fact that Queen Elizabeth, on her arrival in this country last month, ordered flowers to be placed on Mme. Coty's grave at Le Havre is one of the many gracious acts that have so endeared Her Majesty to the French people.

IT was a great night recently when Britain's Festival Ballet opened its all too short season at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. It is some time since this famous company of British dancers has been seen in Paris, where its artistic director, Anton Dolin, has so many friends and admirers as both dancer and *choréateur* and, I will add, as a writer. His entertaining book of souvenirs *Ballet-go-Round*, written some years ago, delights me still.

A crowded house—Sir Gladwyn Jebb and Lady Jebb were present—applauded a well chosen programme selected from the twenty-three ballets that form the eclectic repertory of the company. *Symphony For Fun* was indeed great fun, danced with the joyous buoyancy of young dancers, and its humour and modernism were greatly appreciated. The classic perfection of Mme. Toni Lander in her husband's famous *Etudes*, that was created in 1948, received the grand reception that such an admirable prima ballerina deserves. The grace of Belinda Wright in *Les Sylphides* enchanted everyone and we were dazzled by the virtuosity of John Gilpin. A delightful evening, indeed.

Si jeunesse savait...

"Living is a habit that must be acquired when one is very young."



GEORGES SIMENON, famous French crime novelist (above), with film actresses Micheline Presle and Bella Darvi at Cannes. Below, Anne Heywood, Raf Vallone and June Laverick at Simenon's party



THE OLD VIC TRIUMPHS

CONGRATULATIONS in the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre after the Old Vic's production in Paris of "Titus Andronicus." Maurice Chevalier is standing behind Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence Olivier; extreme left, actor Gerard Philipe; and on the right, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks

At the Theatre

DOWNFALL OF THE CANECUTTERS

"THE SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL" (New Theatre). The entire Australian cast of this play gives a lively account of itself. The author, Ray Lawler, as one of the canecutters out to paint the town red, gets the rough end of the fight (left) at the hands of his companion (Kenneth Warren), while his girl (June Jago) becomes alarmed. Drawings by Glen Williams



No hands-across-the-sea sentiment need be invoked on behalf of Australia's first dramatic export. *The Summer Of The Seventeenth Doll* at the New is a good play in its own right, and the all-Australian cast, though collectively less strong than they are individually, give us the feel and the quality of the odd kind of life it describes.

It is the life of prosperous seasonal workers who go north to cut sugar cane for the seven winter months and come south to blow their earnings in the summer. For sixteen years two of these cutters—mercurial little Barney, a devil with women, and burly, taciturn Roo, the strongest of his gang—have lived their lives to the same pattern.

Months of prodigious cane cutting have been followed by months of pleasure with Nancy and Olive, two barmaids who are their unofficial wives. Sixteen souvenir dolls hang over the chimney-piece of their terrace cottage in Victoria. The good time that these four knock out together during the lay-off season has become quite a local legend.

But this year surprisingly—this is where the play starts—

Nancy has found herself a safe husband. The substitute Olive has found for Barney is another barmaid whose enthusiasm for the adventure is not all it should be. She is inclined to be hoity-toity when people overlook her gentility. And when the boys arrive for the seventeenth summer of fun and games, Pearl's misgivings are found not to be altogether groundless.

They are not, as usual, brimming with money and buoyancy. Roo has been displaced as gang-leader by a younger and tougher rival, and Barney has not stood by him. In a burst of angry mortification, the former has blued all his money on the way down and must endure the indignity of a city job while he is at home.

BETTER perhaps if he had not come home at all. "If you hadn't come," cries the loving Olive, "I'd have gone looking for you with a razor." What does it matter about his squandered money. There are Barney's earnings and her savings to spend. But Roo's loss of face in the cane-fields is obviously rankling, and moodily he takes a city job. No matter, the eager Olive tells herself, there will still be time for plenty of the customary pleasure and excitement.

Alas, everything goes wrong. Under Pearl's gloomy eye the party spirit dies. Barney seems to have lost his way with women and finding Pearl an unexpectedly difficult proposition descends to street-corner pick-ups. In a moment of drunkenness Barney introduces Roo's youthful rival into the terrace cottage.

Nobody could be more magnanimous than this young man, but it is a magnanimity which maddens Roo. Soon the men of the once happy quartet have come to blows, and the truth comes out. It is not an accident that has wrecked the idyll of sixteen summers but simply time creeping inexorably on. Roo has become too old ever to regain his prized leadership in the cane country, and as for Barney and his sexual reputation, well—Nancy knew what she was about when she took a husband.

THE making of the play is not the truism round which it revolves but the strangely touching grief of Olive as she watches the slow crumbling of a dream of happiness which she had assumed would last for ever and a day. And in a capital performance Miss June Jago lets the natural innocence of the character shine through what is brash and gushing.

Barney and Pearl feature less in these scenes and slowly fade out of the picture while Roo moves painfully to acceptance of the inevitable. He will abandon cane-cutting and become a despised city worker and, of course, he will marry Olive. But here Mr. Ray Lawler shows that he is a playwright of imagination. What is the offer of marriage from the one man she loves to a girl whose whole romantic conception of life has been shattered?

Barney is played a little unevenly by the author; Roo with complete assurance by Mr. Kenneth Warren; Pearl's ravaged gentility is put across flawlessly by Miss Madge Ryan; and there is a brilliant little sketch of an awkward old woman by Miss Ethel Gabriel.

—Anthony Cookman



In an effort to jolly things up, a sing-song is organized with the canecutters (Kenneth Warren and Ray Lawler) and their girls (June Jago, centre, and Madge Ryan) with Mum (Ethel Gabriel) on the piano



Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)

Mildred Mayne—toast of Oxford and London Town

THE young actress, Mildred Mayne, hitherto known principally for her advertising photographs, leapt to fame when she took over, at dauntingly short notice, Miss Diane Silento's part in the new British musical "Zuleika," now at the Saville Theatre. As this photograph, taken by her father, shows, she is charmingly at home in the delightful dresses which grace this play. Based on the late Sir Max Beerbohm's period fantasy, this musical comedy is yet another success for Donald Albery, whose long runs have included "The Living Room," "Waiting For Godot" and "Waltz Of The Toreadors."

THE CLANS AT THE ROYAL



Pipe Major R. Crabb led the pipers and drummers of the Scots Guards who played at the Ball

Viscount Stormont in conversation with Miss Susan Dewhurst

Lt.-Col. G. P. Campbell-Preston with the Dowager Lady Noble



Major Andrew Drummond Moray with Mrs. Drummond Moray



Mr. Maitland Macgill Crichton and the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie



Viscountess Stormont and Capt. Stewart Wilson, Scots Guards

Lt.-Col. Ian Murray with his daughter, Miss Serena Murray

Miss J. Lindsay and Major Gregor Macgregor Younger of Macgregor



CALEDONIAN BALL

OF the "hardy annuals," I would describe the Royal Caledonian Ball as the most colourful of the London season. It is held in aid of the Royal Scottish Corporation, the Royal Caledonian Schools, and other Scottish charities, and over 1,200 guests filled the big ballroom at Grosvenor House. Many of the men present wore Highland dress, and most of the women wore tartan sashes. There was a display of piping and dancing by boys and girls of the Royal Caledonian Schools. Then, headed by pipers and drummers of the Scots Guards, came the Processional March of the set reels, which were arranged this year by Lady Gillian Anderson. Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon led the first Highland reel, whose dancers included Lady Malvina Murray, Lt.-Col. Maurice Drummond, Viscount and Viscountess Stormont, Capt. John Anderson and Miss Sara Oldfield, and Lt.-Col. Ian Murray and his débutante daughter Miss Serena Murray.

MONGST all these dancers, outstanding principally for her upright and graceful carriage, was Miss Jacynth Lindsay, who was in a beautiful white satin crinoline. She was in Highland reel number two with Miss Amber Leslie, Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Mary Ann Campbell-Preston, the Hon. Margaret Udny-Hamilton, the Marquess of Clydesdale, Mr. Colin Malcolmson, Mr. Peter Bridgeman, Mr. David Buchan of Auchmacoy, and several other friends. W/Cdr. Michael Constable-Maxwell led the Highland reel number three, and I noticed that before they started he had a word all round, no doubt last-minute operational orders!

Dancing in this reel were Lady Mary Maitland, Mr. Roderick Stirling, Jr., of Fairburn, Mr. Lionel Walker-Munro and Miss Caroline Constable-Maxwell.

Also enjoying this wonderful evening, for which much of the credit must go to Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, who year after year, runs this ball so efficiently, were Sir Thomas and Lady Butler, their daughter Caroline, Miss Anne Abel Smith dancing an eight-some with great vigour and a non-stop patter of conversation, Miss Norena Stewart-Clark, Miss Anne Gilbeach in a big party with Capt. Tony Findlay, who was dancing in one of the Cameron Highlanders reels, Mr. David Lloyd Lowles and Mrs. Mrs. Garrison Broadley's party.

JENNIFER

Miss Elisabeth Grimston and Mr. Peter Jamieson after the Set Reels



Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon leading the dancers on to the floor for the Processional Set Reels

Van Hallan

Mr. J. A. de Grey-Warter, Miss Eve Greenwell, Mr. Roderick de Courcy-Ireland and Miss Cherry Lafone





At the Pictures

KNOW YOUR SCIENCE

An electronic brain, name of Susie, is one of the stars of *Kronos*—latest of the science-films suggesting that if, by some happy chance, we decide not to destroy ourselves and our world, a Thing from outer space will probably come and do it for us. Mr. George O'Hanlon, the scientist in charge of the mammoth computing machine, surveys her lovingly: "If you knew Susie like I know Susie" is clearly his theme song. "Of course," he says, regretfully, "to you she's just a set of inter-correlated co-ordinates." He flatters me. To me she's just a complete bafflement—but I'll allow that, in her austere enamelling and chromium-plate, she is a good deal more attractive than the human brain that figures gorily in *The Curse of Frankenstein*.

Mr. Jeff Morrow, another scientist, spots on a radar screen something that he takes to be an asteroid whizzing earthwards. Susie calculates that it will land somewhere around New York—which puts everybody into a fine flap. The military are directed to destroy the asteroid with rocket missiles and this they try vainly to do: it is impervious to attack. Altering course, it plunges into the sea off the coast of Mexico—much to the relief of all except Mr. Morrow.

HE begins to suspect this is no asteroid—so he and his fiancée, Miss Barbara Lawrence, a glamorous she-scientist, and Mr. O'Hanlon, hie them to Mexico where they find a monstrous, square-built metallic *Thing* with knobbed antennae sitting menacingly on the seashore. Before long this *Thing* is clumping around the place on its three column-like legs, consuming atomic power stations with evident relish.

It is visibly refreshed by each nuclear snack. Mr. Morrow therefore concludes that it is out to suck up from the earth every last scrap of atomic energy. This seems to me a jolly good idea—the final deterrent to nuclear warfare—but according to Mr. Morrow it would be disastrous.

He and his chums fly back to New York and, with Susie's assistance, devise a means of inducing the *Thing* to eat itself up—which it does in a series of flashes and explosions that seem to indicate it is finding itself pretty indigestible. Three cheers for Mr. Morrow and Susie! H-bomb tests can now proceed as planned and we can blow ourselves to bits any time we feel like it.

This is an efficiently made picture, produced and directed by Mr. Kurt Neumann—and whether or not you understand such phrases as "The inner syn went diaglobal" (personally I do not), think you'll find it pretty good fun.

FROM nuclear physics we turn to medical science in *She Devil*—a film based on a story fascinatingly entitled "The Adaptive Ultimate." Mr. Jack Kelly, a young biochemist, has succeeded in extracting a miraculous serum from "fruit flies"—which are, he says, the most "adaptive" creatures in the world. That is to say, they can modify themselves to meet any emergency—a neat trick if one could learn it.

He saves the life of Miss Mari Blanchard, a young woman dying of tuberculosis, by injecting her with this serum. He is delighted and his doctor-sponsor, Mr. Albert Dekker, is impressed—until it becomes apparent that the serum has changed Miss Blanchard into an inhuman being, as soulless as any insect, with the enviable, chameleon-like ability to change from a brunette to a blonde at will.

By the time Miss Blanchard has strangled a millionaire's wife, married the millionaire and bumped him off for his money, Mr. Dekker is seriously worried: Mr. Kelly, on the other hand,

PETER FINCH plays the role of Captain Starlight, a ruthless Australian gentleman bushranger with his own code of honour, in the new Pinewood Studios production *Robbery Under Arms*, from Rolf Boldrewood's book. Photograph by Cornel Lucas



EILENE JANSEN (left) plays a young girl living in nineteenth-century Ireland in *The Search For Bridey Murphy*, a film that deals with the mysteries of hypnotism being able to reveal knowledge of previous incarnations

is madly in love with the gal and argues that after all it's not entirely her fault that she cannot resist the impulse to murder. Mr. Dekker insists that, for her own sake, she should be rehumanized by an operation on the pineal gland—and Mr. Kelly at last reluctantly agrees.

Miss Blanchard has no intention of undergoing any operation but, rather unethically I thought, Messrs. Kelly and Dekker gas her with carbon dioxide while she's sleeping and whisk her off to the lab. In a trice the operation is performed—and, goodness me, there is that poor Miss Blanchard back where she started, on the brink of death. Mr. Kelly sadly vows that the serum shall never be used again—so if we want to change the colour of our hair we shall just have to go to the hairdresser in the usual way. Mr. Kurt Neumann produced and directed this little number, too—but it lacks the panache of *Kronos*.

I WOULD not recommend anybody to see *The Search For Bridey Murphy*—a film, boringly directed by Mr. Noel Langley, based on the book by Mr. Morey Bernstein which set all America babbling about hypnotism and reincarnation.

Mr. Louis Hayward, looking unnecessarily truculent, is the amateur hypnotist who puts a neighbour's wife, Miss Teresa Wright, into a series of "deep regressive trances," during which she describes her experiences in a previous life as Bridey Murphy, born in Ireland in 1798. As far as I know, nobody has ever proved that Bridey Murphy existed—though the film implies that she undoubtedly did. What deeply shocks me is the suggestion that, in a state of trance, Miss Wright could bring out of her subconscious a recollection of her actual death and of an after life—spent wandering disconsolately among the stars—before her rebirth in America.

As one who attended a theosophical school, I am familiar with the theory of reincarnation. I neither accept nor reject it—but I do feel most strongly that the possibility of reincarnation and the great mystery of death and what, if anything, comes after, are subjects which should never be discussed in the purely sensationalist terms of this film.

The end of Mr. Hayward's horrid experiment is most alarming: Miss Wright, urged to explore a pre-Bridey Murphy existence, gets lost between incarnations and seems likely never to return to her right mind. If the film intended to point out the dangers of dabbling in hypnosis, it has achieved its objective—but I suspect it of merely wishing to arouse curiosity and condemn it on those grounds.

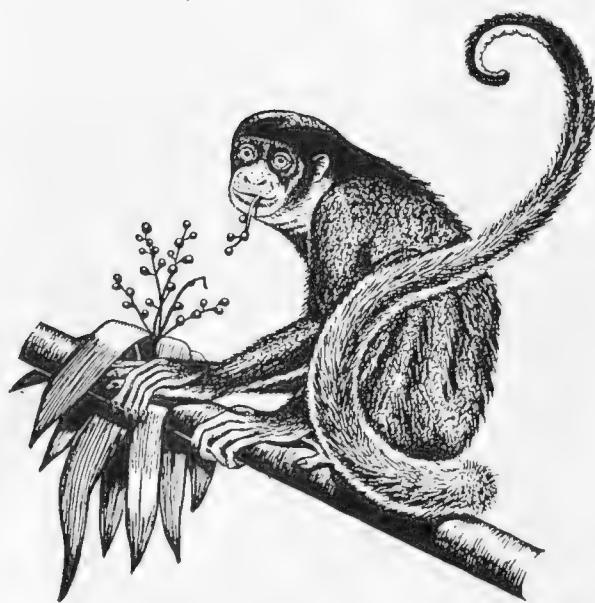
—Elspeth Grant



SADLER'S WELLS have recently produced a new opera by John Gardner, with a libretto by Patrick Terry, entitled "The Moon And Sixpence." It is based on Somerset Maugham's famous novel. Above is one of Leslie Hurry's scenic designs for it—the hero's hut in Tahiti

Book Reviews

THE DYNAMIC ABBESS WAS NO SAINT



WOOLLY spider-monkey, from "The Monkey Kingdom" by Ivan T. Sanderson (Hamish Hamilton, 35s.)

MARGARET TROUNCER'S **The Reluctant Abbess** (Hutchinson, 15s.) is the life story of an astounding woman. Mère Angélique de Sainte-Madeleine Arnauld de Port-Royal (born 1591, died 1661) looms large in the human history of France. Apart from the interest of her dynamic career, and the oddness of its precocious beginning, she was associated with the Jansenist movement—or as it was then seen, heresy—which came near to splitting her Catholic country's religious life. She figures in two works of French literature: Sainte-Beuve's many-volumed character study, and Henri de Montherlant's recent play. Mrs. Trouncer now introduces her, in English, to a public to whom she may be less well known.

Robert Speaight, who contributes the preface, calls *The Reluctant Abbess* an historical novel. It is, however, more closely and cautiously documented than is most of our fiction of that type—I should call it, rather, fictionalized biography. It could well have been biography unadorned, for the facts, in themselves, are sufficiently dramatic. Here is a child who became an abbess, in the Cistercian order, at the age of eleven! Moreover, little Jacqueline Arnauld, second daughter of the enormous brood of a Paris lawyer, offered no example of infant sainthood. The sardonic, unloved, difficult small girl had no vocation, little religious feeling (that is, at first) and opposed her appointed destiny tooth and nail.

THE packing off of superfluous daughters into convents, irrespective of the young creatures' wishes or outlooks, was a custom in seventeenth-century France. It was, indeed, an economic device: the dowry required by a religious order was less than the *dot* necessary for a "good" marriage. The only thing exceptional, in this case, was the placing of Mlle. Arnauld right at the top, thanks to an influential grandfather. The convent life to which many girls were consigned was, it must be said, fairly easy-going. Maubuisson, where Jacqueline spent two years before taking over the government of Port-Royal, was notorious, even by that day's standards—the voluptuous abbess, Angélique d'Estrees (whose sister Gabrielle had ensnared Henri IV) being the mother of twelve bastards. Ironically, it was after this lady that Jacqueline was re-christened when she entered the Order.

The goings on at Maubisson had deeply shocked the stern little girl. Accordingly, her arrival at Port-Royal was signalized by an immediate purge and relentless tightening-up of restrictions.

Yet, till Mère Angélique was eighteen, her religion was a matter of form only. She suffered, behind her correct mask, all the desperate, turbulent cravings of adolescence. She longed, if not for love, for marriage and children, and resented the starvation of her womanhood. Her spiritual awakening—owing to which she not only found but fiercely grasped her vocation—was due, curiously enough to the influence of a suspect and evil preacher. The violence inherent in her temperament now translated itself to another plane. She was, Mrs. Trouncer shows, not only no mystic but furiously anti-mystical—forever scourging such tendencies in her nuns. She also was not intellectual. One might have expected her to be practical, but unfortunately (indeed, very unfortunately for herself and many others concerned) she was not that either.

Yet, so great became her name that she attracted many zealots to join her. Born Jansenist, even before her meeting with the terrible Abbé de Saint-Cyran, she campaigned against the things of the flesh, even in their most innocent form—she shuddered when she heard of the birth of a child. Young Port-Royal nuns, who had flocked from all parts of France, modelled themselves upon their abbess's pattern, and vied with each other in self-mortification. "Pure as angels, proud as devils!" an exasperated archbishop said of them. Can one wonder that, as Jansenism became an increasing peril, Port-Royal came to be seen as a dangerous fortress? The persecution which followed is described.

The story of *The Reluctant Abbess* is longer, more crowded, more complex and more exciting than a review can indicate. It is lightened, acceptably, by comedy. First and last, the book is a study of temperament. Mrs. Trouncer (author of that now famous novel *The Nun*) neither likes nor approves of this dire woman, and certainly is not inviting the reader to do either. Simply, she finds in Mère Angélique of Port-Royal a tremendous subject, to which, I think you will find, she has done justice.

★ ★ ★

VERY different community, and masculine, is depicted in **The Gilded Fly** (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.), author, Hamilton Macallister—and this, though it does not read like a first novel, is in fact such. Subject, the lives of masters in a provincial grammar school, seen through the eyes of one George Pent, who tells the story. Pent is not only a newcomer to the Yodsley staff, this is his first post of any kind—he is straight from Oxford.

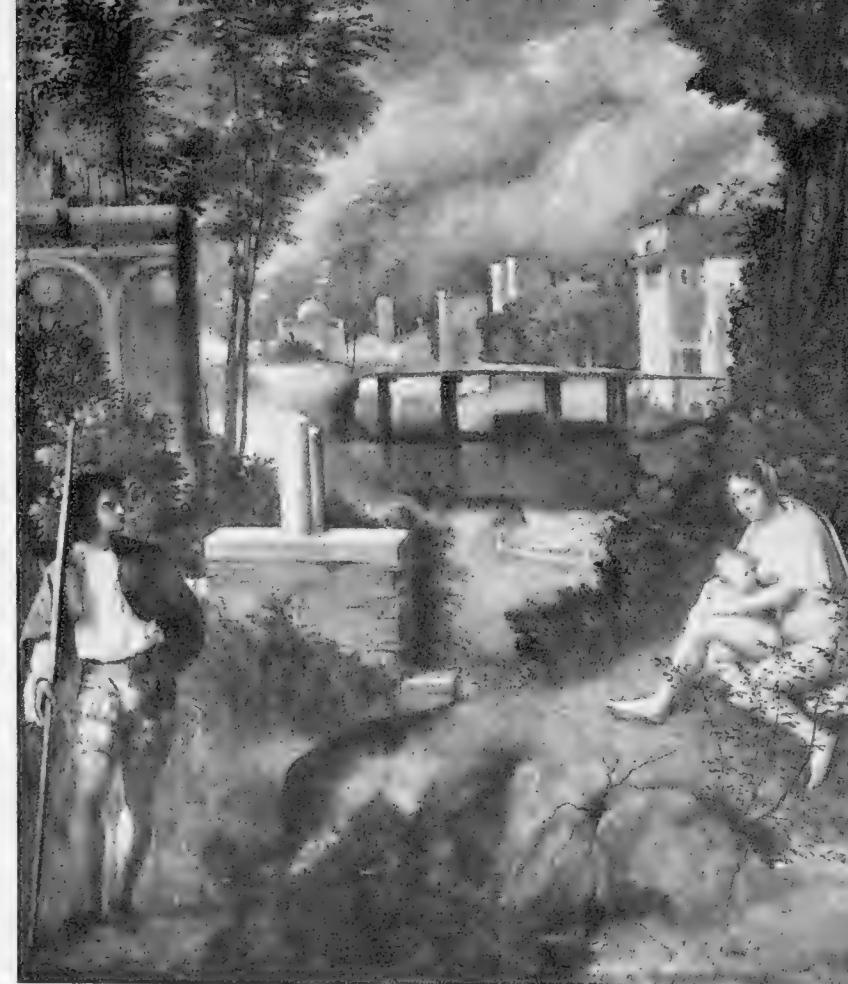
Mr. Macallister's original intention, I learn, was to write a serious diagnosis of teachers and of the effect on a man of being teacher. Yet the book turned out uproariously funny—which may be, as the jacket suggests, because some things would be unbearable if they were not funny. Old and younger, the masters are as dotty as they come; the boys (mostly off-stage) rarely reach human level. And in this, Pent's first term, a further degree of chaos has set in—the headmaster (a brigadier) is away, and no one quite knows who is running the school: Mr. Newbury—else he should be, so behaves accordingly.

Of Newbury, prone to umbrage; Belks the manic-depressive; le Boulay with theories about women; Jackson, esteemed by the boys; Stigg, otherwise; one cannot hear enough. Or of those heery evenings at the Stag. The worst—or is it the best?—of *The Gilded Fly* is, one becomes convinced that things are like this. Once, "realism" used to be purely drab; nowadays, it has learned to be ghastly comic.

★ ★ ★

FUNNY without being ghastly—woe if it were! **How To Be A Deb's Mum**, by Petronella Portobello (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). The epilogue is by Sir Compton Mackenzie. The author has been a deb's mum. She offers us at once a back-stage view of a London Season, and (I should think?) a helpful handbook for mums due to enter the fray next year. The charming "I" of the story cannot be found to be strictly typical, being sidetracked by a romance of her own. The engagement with which the tale ends is not her child's.

—Elizabeth Bowen



GIORGIONE'S "The Tempest" (above) from *An Introduction To Italian Renaissance Painting* by Cecil Gould, 260 illustrations, published by Phaidon (32s. 6d.)



A SCRAPER BOARD picture (right) by Elizabeth Gray from *The Wild And The Tame* by H. V. Beamish (Bles, 18s.)

"THE OLD-TIME BATS" (below), from Bruce Angrave's *Sculpture In Paper*. "How To Do It" series (Studio 25s.)





WITH thoughts of summer sailing ahead, these photographs were taken by Michel Molinare at the Itchenor Sailing Club and show clothes designed for a day by the sea. Right: This bulky man's fisherman style jersey by Jaeger is made in thick, thick-knitted white wool, price 6 guineas



DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

LEFT: A white honeycomb stitch heavy knitted sweater with wide vee-neck outlined in deep blue and pale blue costs 8½ guineas and is obtainable from Jaeger. The sweater is worn with gabardine jersey trousers in blue also from Jaeger, costing 5½ guineas

RIGHT: With a nautical air. A jaunty black reefer jacket with stand and sailor collar and vertical slit pockets; in ribbed wool, the price is 18½ guineas at Jaeger. The white Terylene and worsted pleated skirt costs 5 guineas, and the scarf 13s. 6d., and come from Woollards, Knightsbridge



Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez



GAY multi-striped sweater (above) is in fine jersey and has a casual vee-necked collar and short cuffed sleeves. It costs 5 gns. from Jaegar

AGAINST the wind, a black hooded sweater in fine jersey, 6 gns., Jaeger, Regent Street and branches. Yachting shoes from Simpsons



SAILING and a love of the sea is in the blood of the English since the days of King Alfred. The photographs in these pages were taken at Itchenor aboard the Swallow class yacht Toucadoo, owned by Sir Geoffrey Lowles and Mrs. Vernon Stratton

SAILING ALONG

THE yellow oilskin hooded jacket (below) laces high under the chin, and is worn with yellow sou-wester trousers, price 5 guineas, Dunlop sailing boots, 38s. 9d. All from Lillywhites



ENGLISH SHORES

IN white sailcloth, comfortable slacks (below) are worn with a yellow sailcloth top which has a wide boat neck and white knitted jersey cuffs. Price £13 19s. 6d. at Woollands, Knightsbridge



BLACK heavy knitted sweater (above) with long sleeves and crew neck, price 8 gns. It comes from Jaeger, Regent Street

TOUCANTOO is seen in action, a scene to conjure up for many people the thought of pleasant summer days to come





A CAREFREE beach outfit (above) comprising blue cotton tapering trousers, a striped chemise suntop and a casual jacket edged with white and lined in stripes to match the suntop. It costs 19½ gns. and comes from the Boutique, at Jaeger, Regent Street

Come unto these yellow sands . . .

STRAPLESS playsuit in pale blue and white cotton pique. The prettily shaped bodice with its wide flaring skirt is worn over brief pants. It costs 6½ gns. and comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge

... foot it feately here and there





Michel Molinare

LEFT: From Italy comes a red and white striped jacket with a cowl-like hood, large patch pockets and loose sleeves. Price 6 gns. Below: Proof against brisk breezes and salty spray, this wind-jammer is made of yellow sailcloth; it is ideal for those who want to look attractive as well as being practically dressed when sailing. It costs £2 7s. 6d. All these clothes may be obtained from Simpkins, Piccadilly

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE . . .

CHOICE
FOR
THE
WEEK





... WITH GLAMOUR

THE NAVY BLUE and white striped sweater seen on this page is in fine jersey wool. It is embroidered with naval emblems on the plain front panel. Worn with the sweater is a pair of very brief well-cut white pique shorts. The sweater costs 6 gns., and the shorts £3 6s.; both are to be obtained from Simpsons, Piccadilly. An adaptable outfit such as this is ideal for either "messing about in boats" or for lying in the sun





This cane lamp, suitable for a veranda or a sun-room, is fitted with wicker-work holders for flower and plant pots. £12 15s., obtainable from Harrods

An invitation on to the garden

THE ENGLISHMAN'S love of gardens and gardening, ranging from a country estate to a town window box, seems to increase rather than diminish. For those who want to make the most of their gardens and of the summer sun, here is a selection of well-designed outdoor furniture blending comfort and charm

—JEAN CLELAND



For eating out of doors: a red and white striped folding table, £5 12s. 6d., and matching cushions, £2 5s., obtainable from Harrods



The Easifold chair, made of strong but light metal and hard-wearing canvas, comes with leg rest and canopy shade, price £10 14s. and can be obtained at Harrods

when the sun shines



Continental gaiety; this brightly spotted umbrella has an extendable shaft easily driven into the ground, £7 15s., it is stocked by Harrods



Portuguese high-back rush chair, £7 17s. 6d., and bright plastic cushions, 13s. 9d., all come from Harrods



The Dream Bed, seen folded and fully extended, is an easily portable and practical chaise-longue for sunbathing on the lawn. The price £8 8s. from Harrods

Dennis Smith

Beauty

The secret of being memorable

Jean Cleland



"BEAUTY?" said an artist to whom I was talking as we walked around the Royal Academy. "People see it in different ways. Give me a face that is *interesting*. One that's alive, and has character. That is the sort of face one remembers, and that, to me, means beauty."

I acknowledged the truth of this, as I thought back to the faces that have stayed in my mind. One from the past stood out. That of Suggia, the great 'cellist, whose portrait, painted by Augustus John, many people will remember. Not pretty. Not beautiful in the strict sense of the word, but so much more. A wonderful face, which with its strength and vitality reflected a magnetic personality. When Suggia walked on to the concert platform or entered a room, the result was always the same. All eyes were drawn to her. No one else mattered.

I SAW variations on the same theme just recently, on two different occasions. The first was when I took tea with the three Canadians, Murray Davis, Donald Davis and Barbara Chilcott (two brothers and a sister), who came over to this country to act in the play *The Glass Cage*, which, written especially for them by J. B. Priestley, has just gone on tour. I found them a fascinating trio, and was struck by the likeness between Murray and his sister Barbara. There was something arresting about their looks.



They told me about the theatre which they own and run in Toronto, and I asked if Mr. Priestley had written the play after seeing them act. "Oh, no," they said. "It was quite different from that. He never saw us act at all until he came to watch us rehearse in his play. What happened was this. We were unavoidably late for a dinner party at which he was the guest of honour. We walked into the room, all three of us close together, and that seems to have sparked off the idea. He just looked at us, then wrote the play, and fitted the parts to our personalities. It was wonderful." Just another example I thought, of the kind of looks which, more striking than handsome or pretty, have the power to stir the imagination.

I told the two brothers that I had heard what an interest they take in their sister's clothes. "Is it true," I asked, "that you help her decide what to wear at parties and on special occasions? If so, it is very unusual for brothers." "Well," they said, "we have to. You see, although Barbara has excellent taste when she cares to bother, she doesn't really worry about clothes. If she had had her way, she would have been quite likely to arrive in England wearing a pair of jeans. We had to make her go out and buy a smart coat on the very last weekend before we left home. She hadn't even given it a thought."

Until then their sister, who is married to Max Helpmann, the brother of Robert Helpmann, had said very little. But now she smiled, and her face came vividly to life. It was that smile, glowing with warmth and humour, that I shall long remember.

THE second occasion concerning the sort of looks that linger and compel attention, was the party given by eighty-year-old Rose Laird, world-famous expert on beauty. Having arrived from America only the day before, she had already given a full-scale lecture at one of our biggest stores, yet here she was, excited and pleased as a child at her own party, greeting us all by name, and looking as if the years were receding instead of encroaching.

When she gave her views on beauty, believe me, this was no ordinary "little talk." It had all the punch of a wind at gale force, and was just as invigorating. Indeed, it was like a challenge, and those of us who had been feeling inclined to droop at the end of a busy day found ourselves straightening up to meet it.

"Don't let anything get you down," is Rose Laird's creed. "Make the most of life and the most of yourself. Work at it. No one else can do it for you. When it comes to beauty culture, remember that creams alone won't get results. It is *what you do with them* that matters."

As I came away I thought: "Here is a woman who is as young as her spirit. This is what makes her face so vital, and so alive. This is what you remember."

Here is a wonderful idea for those who spend much of their time travelling. This gaily-striped sponge bag, shown open and shut, is fitted with bottles and jars and costs £2 15s. It is obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove

LE TOUQUET



WHITSUN UNTIL SEPTEMBER

WESTMINSTER HOTEL

IN THE FOREST

CABLES: WESTMINOTEL PHONE: 740

CASINO DE LA FORET

ROULETTE CHEMIN DE FER
30 ET 40 BACCARAT
LES AMBASSADEURS RESTAURANT
THE BRUMMEL NIGHT-CLUB

HOTEL DE LA MER

ON THE SEA FRONT
CABLES: MEROTEL PHONE: 810

CASINO DE LA PLAGE

ROULETTE CHEMIN DE FER
BOULE HI-FI CLUB

Horrockses





The Queen's Doutelle, winning the Granville Stakes at Ascot, is trained by Capt. C. Boyd-Rochfort

Racing

RUNNING TIME FOR THE DERBY AND OAKS



*Mr. Noel Murless, the
trainer, from whose
stable Crepello won the
2,000 Guineas this year*

*Crepello, ridden by Lester
Piggott, should give Sir
Victor Sassoon a good
chance of winning the Derby*

CAPT. CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT has in his home at Newmarket paintings by Earle Millais and other artists of many of the famous winners which he has trained, and their feats are also commemorated by the collection of inscribed racing-plates hung in the stable-yard. But, although stake money won by horses trained by "the Captain" now exceeds £1,000,000, one race has always eluded him—the Derby. He trained Aureole to be second to Pinza in 1953, and had Prince Simon and Double Eclipse in the places behind Galcador in 1950.

It is doubtful whether this year's race will mark the turning point for him. The Queen's Doutelle and Mrs. Graham's Tempest have both won their early public trials, but not in a way to suggest that they will present much danger to the favourites.

Noel Murless was emphatic before the Two Thousand Guineas that Crepello was the best horse that he had ever trained. He told Sir Victor Sassoon before Crepello's first race last year that he expected to win the Derby with him, and this long-range forecast has an excellent chance of being proved accurate. Sir Victor was not at Newmarket to see his home-bred colt win the Guineas, but he has booked his passage from Nassau to London in plenty of time for the Epsom meeting.

In appearance, Crepello is not the accepted "Epsom type," but Lester Piggott was pleased with the way he raced down the hill into the Dip at Newmarket, and does not expect him to become unbalanced on the steeper gradients rounding Tattenham Corner.

THE French, having won with Phil Drake in 1955 and Lavandin last year, are out for the hat-trick and for their sixth Derby since the end of the war. Their main hopes for weeks past have been centred in Mourne, owned by Mr. Ralph Beaver Strasburger, the American-French millionaire, whose Montaval ran such a close second in last year's race.

"Strass" makes his headquarters at Deauville, and is only an occasional visitor to the racecourse nowadays. His son, Peter or his racing secretary, Miss Pat McGurk, will probably do duty for him at Epsom this Derby Day.

Gordon Richards had to wait many years for his first riding triumph in the Derby, and it would be an astonishing contrast if he were to win this year's event with Pipe Of Peace, for it will be the first time that he has trained a Derby contestant. Pipe Of Peace was clearly inferior to Crepello in the Guineas, and there seems no reason to hope that he can do any better at Epsom.

If Derby luck continues to elude him, Capt. Boyd-Rochfort holds an excellent chance of winning the Oaks for the third time. His representative will be the Queen's Sandringham-bred Mulberry Harbour, by the French sire, Sicambre. Mulberry Harbour has been out twice this season, winning easily on both occasions, although she only had a cleverly judged neck to spare in the Cheshire Oaks.

She has been pleasing her trainer in her preparation, and her stamina should, at any rate, guarantee her a place in the first three.

THOSE on the lookout for an outsider could do worse than take a chance with Crotchet, who was second at Chester to Mulberry Harbour. Her trainer, Humphrey Cottrill, took a few friendly side bets after that race that she would reverse the form with the Queen's filly at Epsom where, he argues, she will not be forced to make her own running.

Ever since his promising first effort when second to Light Of The World in the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Newmarket in April, Paresa has been reserved by his trainer for the Lonsdale Produce Stakes over the Epsom six furlongs on Derby Day. Paresa is a son of Pardal, the French-bred horse which Lord Manton and his brother, the Hon. Bobby Watson, imported into this country five years ago.

The Coronation Cup is often won by a visitor from Chantilly, but we should retain the prize at home this year. Either Mr. "Tony" Samuel (Gilles de Retz) or Major Lionel Holliday (Pirate King) will probably be the lucky owner. Gilles de Retz, trained by Mrs. Helen Johnson Houghton and her cousin, Peter Walwyn, won in handsome style at Sandown and may prove himself the best four-year-old colt in training.



—Ormonde



Lord Derby's racing colours

(Reproduced by permission of The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Derby, M.C.)

A few days after Surplice had won the Derby, Disraeli met Lord George Bentinck in the Library of the House of Commons. His countenance was greatly disturbed. Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue without distraction

his labours on behalf of his country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake to gain which had been the object of his life. It was in vain to offer solace. "You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned. "Yes, I do," answered Disraeli, "It is the Blue Riband of the Turf."

THE ROMANCE OF THE DERBY STAKES A. Macey

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Motoring

CHEATING THE NOISE

Oliver Stewart



Some engineers assert that the occupants of a rear-engined car hear as much of the engine noise as the occupants of a front-engined car. They say the belief that the noise can be "left behind" is fallacious. Experience does not, however, support them. I have reported on the exceptional quietness of the little Renault Dauphine, which has a rear engine, and I now have further evidence.

In order to attain its high output the engine of the Porsche must be somewhat noisy. The relationship is fundamental. A high-powered engine can be silenced, but some of its power must be taken away in the process. Contributing to noisiness is the fact that the Porsche engine is air-cooled. Yet an owner who has long experience of a great number of different cars, including those in the highest price groups, tells me that inside the Porsche the noise level is low. In short, it must be accepted that positioning the engine at the rear does reduce significantly the amount of noise that reaches the car occupants when cruising at high speed with the engine output near its peak.

There is another, different, source of noise and that is body shape. Wind roar can be disturbing even at quite modest speeds when the exterior shape of the vehicle creates turbulence. Again the Porsche scores because of the aerodynamic purity of its external lines. In the not too distant future I hope to give some personal impressions of this interesting model; but meanwhile I think that we must take it that, whatever theory says, positioning the engine at the rear and using a well-streamlined body markedly reduces noise.

In spite of official statements, the future of the Mille Miglia is not yet decided. But this year's tragic accident does seem to have had a greater impact upon Italians than the tragedies of previous years. In the first place they had taken all the precautions that can be taken if a race is to be run on the open road. They had mobilized large numbers of police and soldiers and they had sought to keep spectators away from the danger points.

But it is precisely because the enthusiasm of Italians for motor racing knows no bounds that risks could not be excluded and that, in spite of the death roll, there remain many Italians who want the race to go on in future years. And the paradox of the 1957 event is that it was won by a veteran, Taruffi. One might have thought that in a race so dangerous as this, youth would have been a prerequisite for victory.

WHEN these words appear a great many British motorists will be in Paris for the Salon de l'Aéronautique. I would like, therefore, to repeat my advice that, if they propose to use their cars in and around the city, they should procure the *Guide S-75* (Editions Michel Ponchet) which gives the one-way streets, parking places, through-routes and relevant regulations.

Time may be lost and a good deal of annoyance created by drivers who will not take the trouble to brief themselves on the one-way streets. They can get hopelessly lost and then, on arriving at the theatre or restaurant, they can waste further time in trying to find a parking place.

THE Ashford by-pass, which the Minister of Transport Mr. Harold Watkinson, proposes to open on July 19, will eliminate the delays that were caused when the narrow winding streets of Ashford town had to be negotiated. At some points in those streets the carriageway narrows to 15 ft. The by-pass is 2 miles long and goes round the north side of Ashford. It has twin carriageways, each 24 ft. wide and the Ashford-Canterbury road uses a fly-over.

The Ashford by-pass, the Ministry of Transport tells me, is a prewar scheme on which work was begun in 1939. Work was stopped during the war, re-started in 1947 and stopped again in 1948. Finally the work was undertaken by the Kent County Council in 1955 under the direction of the County Surveyor Mr. E. W. H. Vallis. The cost of this last stage is £410,000.



THE PORSCHE saloon (left) is one of the most envied small fast cars on the road. Capable of 125 m.p.h., its rear engine characteristics are discussed in this week's motoring article

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JAGUAR



GUESTS WHO DINED aboard the S.S. Homeric of the Home Lines included (above) the Hon. and Mrs. James Tennant

DINING OUT

Ship-board fare

I ALWAYS regard invitations to dinner at distant places as presenting something of a problem. But there are occasions when one is fortunate enough to have a host who, aware of the transport or night-stopping difficulties, solves the problem by supplying you with a chauffeur-driven car to take you down and bring you back.

And so it was when I accepted an invitation from Lt.-Col. Max Bally, O.B.E., of Home Lines, once a notable figure at Wimbledon and an officer with a remarkable list of parachute liaison exploits to his credit during the war, to dine on board the S.S. Homeric in Southampton with the captain and officers of the ship. The whole affair was a great success.

It was interesting to be shown over this completely refurbished luxury liner and to hear about the various cruises they run during the off-season to such places as the West Indies and South America, the cruise lasting from between seventeen days to a maximum of forty-six. During the high season they run from Southampton and Le Havre to Quebec or Montreal, and to New York.

I made the acquaintance of the head barman, Nino, a very expert dispenser of hard liquor, whose particular and most popular cocktail is known as Nino's Special No. 5. I got him to make me one, which I found to be not only extremely refreshing but extremely strong. This is how he makes it: fresh lemon juice, one-third Grand Marnier, two-thirds Cognac V.S.O.P., and then fills the glass with champagne.

THIS was a highly satisfactory start to a remarkable dinner. I fortunately realized just in time that there were eight courses and battled lustily with the waiters to keep the portions they served me within reason so that I could sample all of them to their end. Here is the menu: *Consommé aux Nids d'Hirondelles; Langouste Amoureuse Flambée "Homeric"; Delices au Fromage; Marguerite de Navarre; Perdreau à la Casserole; Belle Otero; Neige au Champagne; Medaillons de Strasbourg au Porto; Salade Jeanne d'Arc; Soufflé Glacé aux Violettes de Parme; Corbeille Fleurie de Mignardises.* The wines were Niersteiner Oelber Spätlese Natur 1953, Pommard 1952, Bouchard Aîné and Château Climens 1940.

The wine list is one of the most sensible I have seen for a long time; not only does it give the history of each particular wine, but also considerable information about them, even to explaining how the natural sparkle of champagne is produced by a second fermentation; it discusses the classifications of Bordeaux, the divisions of Côte d'Or, and describes in detail each wine and the sort of food which should go with it. It also is the only wine list I have seen outside France which includes wines from the Jura.

Since almost all the officers and personnel, including the chefs, are Italian, there is, of course, an extensive range of some very good Italian wines.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Non-stick frying

ONE thing I am certain of, in view of widespread criticism of the use of the frying-pan in this country, is that many people do not know how to use one. What is more, I do not think they ever will. I bracket this inability with that of others—quite good cooks, perhaps—who succeed in almost everything except the making of melt-in-the-mouth pastry.

For awkward hands with the frying-pan, I recommend the new silicone-surfaced ones. There are, to my knowledge, two makes now available—one produced in this country and the other imported from France where, apparently, they are already well established. The beauty of these pans is that they are positively "non-stick."

This past fortnight I have been giving them a thorough test, using them for various foods which are difficult to cook in the ordinary iron or aluminium pan. They have come out of these tests with 100 marks from that total. The ease of cleaning them is almost unbelievable—hot water and a wipe out with a cloth, no soaking, no scouring.

A warning: No metal must be used on these new pans. To turn food, use a wooden or rubber spatula, never a spoon or fork.

Not even in the best iron omelet pan can one be certain to produce, every time, an omelet which will be layered in moist flakes inside, and at the same time have an egg-yellow outside. In the silicone-coated pans, you can make your omelets just like this. And you need no fat of any kind! To test the validity of the makers' claim, I did fry an egg dry, as it were. Quite successful, but nothing like an egg fried in butter. Indeed, the manufacturers agreed with me on this. Butter, therefore though not a "must," is very wise. (What could we do without butter in cooking? When it comes to bread and cheese, I could manage with out it—but never in cooking.)

HERE is an omelet which, because of its moist filling, would give on a little extra concern, in the ordinary way, lest its outside be the golden brown which is anathema to all enthusiasts. It is a Bacon and Mushroom Omelet which I myself have concocted.

Cut a rasher or two of streaky bacon into matchsticks. Gently fry them to extract their fat. Add 2 oz. sliced mushrooms and a chopped tiny onion. Cook together for a minute or two. Add a teaspoon of tomato purée and a generous $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock (or water will do). Season to taste, then simmer together. Now add a level teaspoon of cornflour blended with a dessertspoon of water. Cook for a minute. Finally add a pinch or two of freshly chopped parsley and the filling is ready.

Make the omelet as above and spread the bacon-mushroom mixture on it, reserving some of the sauce. When the omelet is on the hot platter, cut a slit down the surface and pour the sauce into it and over the surface, so that the omelet is partially coated.

In these pans I have successfully fried fish in butter and, too, escalope of veal without eggng or breadcumbing them. For the latter, I add sliced mushrooms, a little white wine and a little double cream. I cook these together for a few minutes, then pour all over the escalope.

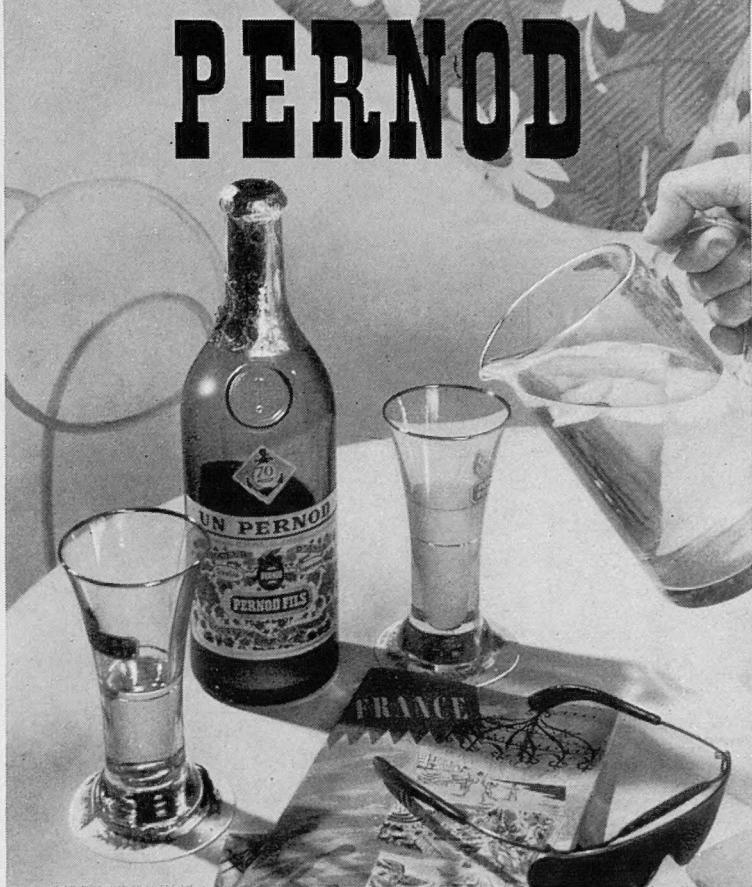
—Helen Burke



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A.V.S.



Wright—Leach. The marriage took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, between Mr. Terence Wright, son of Mr. Terence Wright, of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, and Miss Ann Leach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leach, of Castellain Mans.



Griffith—Clarke. Mr. Alan Griffith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Griffith, of Loomes Radlett, Hertfordshire, recently married to Miss Judith Clarke, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Clarke, of Sled, Radlett, at Radlett Church.

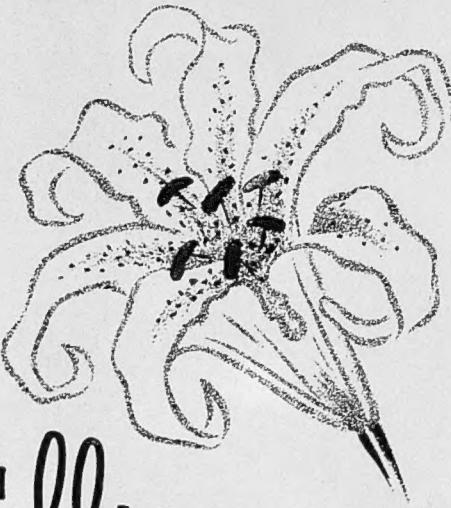


Mackey — Allen. Mr. Simon Mackey, younger son of Group Captain and Mrs. C. W. Mackey, of Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.1, married Miss Susan Adrienne Allen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Allen, of Cheston House, Swanland, East Yorks, at All Saints', N. Ferriby



Burt—Nielsen. Mr. Anthony John Burt, third son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Burt, of Holford Wood, North Chailey, Sussex, was married to Miss Gertrude Elise Josephine Sandria Nielsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen, of Bridlington, at Emmanuel Church, Bridlington

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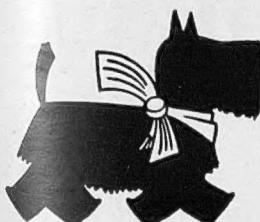
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